3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

yes, clubs and shields. And they dance with them in front of the men. They dance and they sing with those weapons, and they will not give them back until the men have paid them. 159x 727

We heard those girls run out, the girls who could run far. And when the men came near we saw the old woman go dancing out; the woman who takes the scalps. Foamy Water was her name; a woman who could not menstruate and hurt those powerful things. She took it when she was old enough from her mother who was called Painted Girl, because Painted Girl was so old she could not dance any more. [888]

But Foamy Water danced hard. They gave her the hair of the Apache, not scalps, just long hairs from the temples, and they gave her his beaded buckskin shoe. They had tied those things on a pole, and she came dancing with it into the village, dancing at every house. She came outside our house making the pole go up and down. She sang: 159x 727 887

[533]

Here I stand, singing for my prisoner
Come and see, Oh, women!
I dreamed that I saw light
At the tips of the warriors' feathers.

Then she stuck the pole in front of the council house and all the people went there to hear about the fight. It is the two messengers who tell that story before the fighters come, and sometimes after they tell about the killing, they end up: "But they got some of our men." Then they tell how they made a fire and burned up the dead men with everything they had. Because we dare not bury a man who died in the enemy's country. We must have fire to take away the power of the Apache. [766]

We thought if anyone was dead we would hear the crying. So my grandmother listened; she knew the women's voices. But there was no crying. So my grandmother cooked us our food, and she did not put any salt in it, because we were being purified. I sat by the house wall away from the fire and I was cold. I heard the men who had not killed come into the village, yelling and whipping their horses, and I heard everybody singing at the council house, stamping up and down: 159x 727 [263] 713

Poor crow. There it hangs. Poor crow. [533]

They sang that way every night for all the days of purifying. It is a good thing to have the enemy's hair raised on a pole above our houses. It calls the clouds to it and brings rain on our land, and then the corn comes up. But those who have brought the blessing cannot dance. Not they and not their families. Leaf Buds' husband went out to meet my father and led

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
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thing goes by fours with our people, and Elder Brother arranged it that even this thing should be the same. No woman has trouble for more than four days. Then they gave me a bath just as they did to my father. Oh, it was cold in the winter time! I tell the girls who come of age in the summer they do not know what hardship is. The water even feels nice in summer.

My mother came in the dark of the morning with the water in a big new jar. The women had to run all day to get that water ready for me. I tried to get away, but my mother caught me and made me kneel down. Then she dipped a gourd in the jar and poured that cold water down over my forehead.

Hail!
I shall pour this over you.
You will be one who endures cold.
You will think nothing of it.

It is true, I have never felt cold.

Then my mother washed my hair with soapweed fibres. That is the way women should always wash their hair and it will never grow gray. She cut it so it came just to my shoulders, for we women cannot have hair as long as the men; it would get in our way when we work. But we like to have it thick and shiny, and we know that everybody is noticing. There was quite a lapful that my mother cut off, and she saved it to make hair ropes for our carrying baskets. She had new clothes for me; two pieces of unbleached muslin, tied around my waist with a string. We did not know how to sew in those days. We pinned them together over our hips with bought pins, but it was very modest.

Then I could go back to our house, only still I had to use the stick for four days and I could not eat salt. And then they danced me. All that month they danced me, until the moon got back to the place where it had been at first. It is a big time when a girl comes of age; a happy time. All the people in the village knew that I had been to the Little House for the first time, so they come to our house and the singer for the maidens came first of all.

That singer was the Chief's Leg, the man I told you about. He knew all the songs, the ones that Elder Brother first sang when he used to go over the country, dancing all the maidens. That Leg was the man who danced every maiden in our village when she came of age. His wife danced opposite him. She was the one who was to get the hair that my mother had cut off. He had another wife, too, but not such a good dancer.

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I did not know just when the time would be, but I knew that I felt pain when I stooped out of our little door. I said to my husband's aunt: "I think I will go to the Little House. I would not like such a dreadful thing to happen as for me to be caught inside the house in childbirth." "Well, go," she said. This was the first I had said to her or to my mother-in-law either, the whole thing being so new.

There was a gully behind our house and the Little House was on the other side of it. When I reached the near edge of that gully, I thought I had better run. I ran fast; I wanted to do the right thing. But I dropped my first baby in the middle of the gully. My aunt came and snipped the baby's navel string with her long finger nail. Then we went on to the Little House. My sisters-in-law said to me afterward: "Why didn't you tell us? We didn't know you were suffering in there. We heard you laughing." I said: "Well, it wasn't my mouth that hurt. It was my middle."

I stayed in the Little House, for that was what my father had told me to do. "When you have your first baby, don't come into the house. Stay out until the moon comes around again. Then go to the medicine man and be cleansed."

So I stayed alone there for a month, and the family brought me raw food, which I cooked. I ate no salt until the end of the baby's navel string fell off, so his navel would not be sore. Then my husband and I and the baby went to the medicine man, and he gave us all white clay to eat as he had given me when I became a maiden. But he did not give my baby a name. We were modern and I let a priest name him, Bastian.

It was nice in our house. My young brothers-in-law had married and I had their two wives to keep me company. Feather Leaves was one, and Singing Dawn. We girls did the cooking for my mother-in-law and left her to her baskets. At night when we ladled the gruel out of the pot, we all ate two and two, each married couple with one bowl, drinking by turns.

My mother-in-law managed our work. "Come," she would say, "get your carrying baskets. Let us go for food."

So we would go laughing out over the flat land to dig the roots or up in the hills to cut the cholla. I carried my baby in its cradle board on top of the carrying net. While we picked into a smaller basket, I leaned the carrying net against a tree and balanced the baby on top.

Once I was digging roots like that and I got very tired. I made a pile of earth with my digging stick, put my head on it and lay down. In front of me was a hole in the earth made by the rains, and there hung a gray spider, going up and down, up and down, on its long thread. I began to go to sleep and I said to it: "Won't you fall?"

5: Castetter & Bell N-5 (1938-1940) 1942
NU28 Papago NU28
Pima NU29

CHILI

Chili *(Capsicum annuum)* was introduced among the Pimans by Kino[125] toward the close of the seventeenth century, but its cultivation was not taken over extensively. Only a few Pima grow it at present and it is cultivated by the Papago only in very favorable places. The chief variety grown is Anaheim.

Aboriginally, and even to the present, the Papago and Pima have used fairly extensively for seasoning the native, spherical, small-fruited, but very pungent, Bird Cayenne or Spur pepper *(Capsicum frutescens* var. *baccatum)*, commonly known in the Southwest and in Mexico as *chiltepiquín*,[126] which grows wild in moist places in the Baboquivari Mountains and southward in Sonora. It did not occur in Pima territory but was secured by trade with the Papago. It was never cultivated by either people. Papago made expeditions to secure *chiltepiquín;* they pulled up the entire plant which they brought home for drying, then picked the fruit and stored it in a sealed olla. They always arranged to have some on hand. Its early use in Sonora was described by Pfefferkorn.[127]

[125] Bolton, *Kino*, I, 122-23, 204, 248-49, 253, 321; II, 80, 100, 138, 165, 265.
[126] Also spelled *chiltipiquín, chilepiquín, chiltepín* and *tschiltipin*.
[127] Pfefferkorn, *Beschreibung der Landschaft Sonora*, I, 62-3.

17:Castetter & Underhill N,E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
NU28 Papago NU28

The small succulent plants used as greens grow near the villages and can usually be gathered within a day's excursion. One informant said: "In the afternoon, my mother-in-law would say to us, 'let us go out and gather amaranth.' So I and my sisters-in-law would take our carrying nets, walk about half a mile from the camp and fill them. Then we made soup and that was all we had for supper" (the main meal). This and the other small greens mentioned are never dried and stored but, as with other fresh crops, the family lives on them almost exclusively while they last. The branches of the saltbush *(Atriplex wrightii)* are used for seasoning either in cooking or in pit-baking.

The buds and joints of the five species of Opuntia mentioned constitute a staple crop, probably because they grow so plentifully, and *O. echinocarpa* is found in abundance on the nearby hillsides.

The branches of the chollas are composed of easily detachable joints; the flower buds which develop at the tips of the branches are gathered as they come out in May. Whole cholla joints, as well as the buds, are pit-baked and dried. Women go out in parties to gather the crop, this being done with wooden tongs made of a length of giant cactus rib *(Carnegia gigantea)*, split in two. The buds or joints are collected in coiled basket bowls and brought to a central point where an old woman directs the baking. When the picking is ended, a pit is dug, stones placed in it and heated with a mesquite fire *(Prosopis velutina)*, since creosote bush *(Covillea glutinosa)* burns up too quickly. When the stones are hot they are removed and the pit lined with ink weed *(Dondia nigra)* or with grass. Next a layer of buds or joints is placed in the pit, then hot stones, then the pit filled with alternate layers of ink weed or grass and buds and covered with earth. They camp all night while the product is baking, and roast in the campfire ashes that portion of the product which has been reserved for their evening meal. The women carry home the roasted cholla

17:Castetter & Underhill N.E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
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Prickly pear cactus, *nohwi (Opuntia engelmannii)* June, October 226.2
Cholla *(Opuntia fulgida)* August 227.2
Cholla, *tci'orim (Opuntia echinocarpa)* August
Soapweed, datil, *hoi (Yucca baccata)* (fruit *howitc*) Summer

Of the small fruits, *Condolis spathulata* is eaten only 227.2
raw and not thought worth preserving. If hackberries 251
(Celtis reticulata) or mulberries *(Morus microphylla)* are found near the village, carrying baskets are filled with whole branches of them by the women. Clusters of mistletoe *(Phoradendron californicum)*, which often grows on the mesquite bush *(Prosopis velutina)*, are gathered, their branches laid on mats, dried and the berries rolled free. These berries form a sticky mass which is further sun-dried and stored. The somewhat larger boxthorn berries *(Lycium fremontii)* are picked, dried and eaten like raisins. Only the fruit of the lote bush *(Zizyphus lycioides)* is cooked, and this is boiled to a syrup like the cactus fruits.

These people now use as seasoning the very pungent 263
bird Cayenne pepper or spur pepper *(Capsicum frutescens* var. *baccatum)* which grows in the Baboquivari Mountains and apparently nowhere else in the state. This plant may have been introduced by the Papagos and is very much used by them in their daily life as a condiment on the table or for cooking with beans or other foods. It is this species that is cultivated farther south for the hot peppers. As one drives over the Papago Reservation and [438]
stops at trading posts he invariably finds dishes of these small, dry, red, extremely pungent berries offered for sale. These always find ready buyers among the Papagos and Mexicans.

Acorns *(Quercus emoryi)* ripen in July a little later 227
than the giant cactus fruit, but grow in only a few hilly places, mostly at the south of the Papago territory, and are gathered on a long camping excursion similar to that for the sahuaro fruit. For the most part acorns are eaten [432]
fresh from the shell. Bucknuts *(Simmondsia californica)* are similarly eaten though not in quantity. Russell (22)

17:Castetter & Underhill N,E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
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it hardened into a lump, called the "mesquite turtle," and pieces could be broken off and eaten just as they were.

Breadstuffs were used much less often than gruel. The most common was the tortilla made of cornmeal and water. Flattened balls of this dough were quickly cooked on a heated pottery griddle; or they might be baked in the ashes of the hearth, thus making a sort of ash bread. Among the Papagos of Sonora, however, wheat flour tortillas were and still are dominant. Cottonseed flour (*Gossypium* sp.) and sahuaro seed flour which are oily, made very good browned cakes when baked on sand heated under hot stones.

Gruel or bread was the basis of every meal and the usual addition was boiled dehydrated vegetables. All greens like aloe (*Agave americana*) and cholla joints (*Opuntia* sp.) had been pit-baked before storing, while root crops and the cultivated squash and beans had been simply sun-dried. All of these were taken from the storage jars and soaked both to freshen them and to remove dirt, then boiled with water and salt. A favorite dish was a form of succotash, made of dried teparies and corn grains.

Fresh greens like amaranth (*Amaranthus palmeri*) and fresh squash were also boiled, but, since water was scarce, anything that was juicy enough was roasted. This was the treatment for the flower stalks of aloe and sotol (*Dasylirion wheeleri*), the joints of cholla, cañaigre greens (*Rumex hymenosepalus*), and squash. Ashes were raked out of the fire and the vegetables buried in them. In a period of marked water shortage dehydrated vegetables also could be treated in this way after the first soaking.

The sweets, highly prized, were dried fruits, fruit jam, fruit syrup, and honey. Sahuaro (*Carnegia gigantea*), pitahaya (*Lemaireocereus thurberi*), and prickly pear (*Opuntia* sp.) fruits could be dried and stored in jars, but not for long because they became wormy. Syrup and jam from all these fruits were made when they were picked. The flowers of mesquite (*Prosopis velutina*), ironwood (*Olneya tesota*), and species of yucca have a good deal of nectar. These

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plants bloom just before the rainy season so that during the 263 ●
summer honey was plentiful. As a confection people sometimes chewed acorns *(Quercus emoryi)* and squash seeds.

The meat of large game was usually cut into thin strips 252
and sun-dried by the hunters on the spot, although in cold weather a man might bring home his kill and eat some of it fresh, then cut up and dry any remainder. These dried strips, which at best did not keep long, were hung from the roof, and when needed were pounded soft with a stone and boiled.

Fresh meat could be either grilled or boiled. For grilling, venison was cut in strips, rabbits were skinned, since the skin was useful, and birds were roughly plucked. Birds and rats could be roasted in the ashes but the skin was left on for protection. Or, meat was boiled in a jar directly over the fire. Wild pepper *(Capsicum frutescens* var. *baccatum)*, added to the meat was a great delicacy. A favorite [263] dish was a stew of rabbit and various roots. The desert tortoise *(Gopherus agassizii)* was always ash-roasted, after cracking the shell with a stone, pulling out the entrails and inserting hot pebbles.

The worms used were gathered by women who pinched off their heads and squeezed out the entrails, leaving the outer portion which was lengthened in the process to a narrow string six inches long. They braided these strings, put the braids in carrying nets and went back for more.

The fresh worms, fried on the tortilla sheet in their 251
own fat, made a feast in which everyone indulged while they 252
lasted. The surplus was dried and stored but kept better if pit-baked before drying. One informant said "they were the best tasting food we had."